

"Would you know why with pleasure
Our faces so beam?
Our Servants
ne'er
grumble.
Our life
is a
dream.
CLAIR
ETTE
CLAIR
ETTE
AND
CLAIR
ETTE LAUNDRY SOAP
Is the cause of our bliss:
For all sorts of cleaning
It never comes amiss.
MADE ONLY BY
N.K. FAIRBANK & CO. ST. LOUIS.

The "fads" of
society are the
increase. They
seem to be triv-
ial, but they are
not. Every
movement has
its consequences.
The "fad" of beer drinking may be
trivial. It is followed by the "fad" of
kidney disease, as a direct consequence.
And that is not trivial. That means the
grave and is solemn. The situation
would be truly alarming and threaten
the extinction of the race were it not
for two things.
1. There is always hope of reforma-
tion in the hearts of the people. When
the dangerous increase of kidney dis-
ease is sufficiently sounded, there will
be reform. This will assure future
generations.
2. As to the afflicted of today, a
knowledge of Dr. Fennell's Kidney and
Backache Cure will restore all who are
suffering enough to resort to its use before
it is too late. Also cures female weak-
ness, heart disease, rheumatism and all
blood diseases. It will neither deceive
nor disappoint. It is needed to be a
home with you today. Delays are
dangerous. Money refunded if satis-
faction not given.

The Quarterly Register of
Single Copies, 40c
Per Year, \$1.50
Bound Volumes, \$2.00
**CURRENT
HISTORY**
It is the only work of the kind published in the United States. It contains the latest news of the world, and is a valuable reference work for all who are interested in the progress of the world. It is published quarterly, and is a must for all libraries and for all who are interested in the world's progress.

To Know
IT ALL
Is easy enough if you only
know how. We solve the
problem in the
Louisville Commercial.
The brightest and newest pa-
per in Kentucky. Send your
address on a postal card. You
can have a sample copy

For The
ASKING.

**ONE DOLLAR
EVERY HOUR**
Is easily earned by any one of either sex in any
part of the country, who is willing to work indu-
siously at the employment which we furnish.
The labor is light and pleasant, and you can
work at home, or in our office, or in our store.
You can give the business a trial without expense
to yourself. For those willing to do a little work,
this is the greatest offer made. You can work
all day, or in the evening only. If you are em-
ployed, and have a few spare hours at your dis-
posal, utilize them, and add to your income. Our
business will not interfere at all. You will be
employed on the spot at the rapidly growing busi-
ness. Any one can run the business—none
fail. You should try nothing else until you are
satisfied with our offer. No experience needed. Women are
grand workers; nowadays they make as much
as men. They should try this business, as it is so
well adapted to them. Write at once and send
yourself. Address: H. H. HALL, 211 N. 2nd St.,
St. Louis, Mo.

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business conducted for Inventors. Our office is in
Washington, D. C., and we have a branch office in
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United States, and in all the foreign countries.
Send model, drawing or photo, with description.
We advise if patentable or not, free of
charge. Our fees are not due until patent is secured.
A. S. SNOW & CO., Patent Attorneys, 111 N. 2nd St.,
St. Louis, Mo.

**TABLER'S PILE
CURE**
CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.
A SURE AND CERTAIN CURE
known for 15 years as the BEST
REMEDY FOR PILES.
Prepared by J. W. TABLER, M. D., St. Louis.

GARDEN AND CRADLE.
When our babe he goeth walking in his garden,
Around his tinkling feet the sunbeams play,
The posies they are good to him
And how they are kind to him,
As far as he upon his kingly way,
And birdlings of the wood to him
Make music, gentle music, all the day,
When our babe he goeth walking in his garden.
When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle,
Then the night he looketh ever sweetly down;
The little stars are kind to him,
The moon she hath a mind to him
And layeth on his head a crown
And singeth then the wind to him
A song, the gentle song of lullaby town,
When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle.
—Eugene Field in Chicago News-Record.

JASPER'S WOOLING.
Jasper Greene dismissed the driver
when he reached the wharf after cross-
ing the Ottawa at the Four Corners and
looked round for Donnst to carry his
baggage up to Labelle's as in days of
yore. But old Donnst was dead and
therefore could not come.
Millette put the heavy trunk on a
truck sleigh and began to trot along the
wooden wharf. Then, when Millette
paused for breath, Greene pushed the
old man aside and took hold of the truck.
"Say, Millette, I'll wheel this up for 50
cents for you," he said.
Millette ran panting alongside. "Ah, no,
no droll monsther. It will provide for so
christening."
Greene stopped short. "What, an-
other?" he said in pretended amazement.
"How many?" he asked briefly.
"The twenty-seven," rejoined Millette,
with ill dissembled pride.
Greene stopped again and carefully
counted out 27 cents. Here's a cent each
for your children, Millette. Don't stand
still any longer or you'll get frost bitten.
I dare not run the risk of having to pro-
vide for 27 orphaned ones."
Millette took the money with profuse
thanks and hurried off, leaving Greene
to go on to Labelle's hotel with the huge
truck sleigh. By the time Jasper reached
the postoffice a procession gradually
formed on the sidewalk to welcome him
back from Montreal. When Lily Labelle
saw him, she came out and promptly
gave the children a holiday for the rest
of the day. Then she joined him at the
head of the procession. When they
reached the veranda, the children gave
three cheers for Jasper and called for a
speech.
He waited for the crowd to disperse
before he approached Lily, who stood
leaning against the veranda, an amused
look in her dark eyes.
"Jays you glad to see me?" he asked.
"Come in to dinner," she said. "I'll
answer your questions—some of them—
afterward."
Mrs. Labelle greeted him with a kiss
on both cheeks, while her husband bowed
with grave politeness.
Lily seated herself at the upper table.
Jasper at once took possession of Lily
and held his prize against all comers,
especially the cashier of the Four Corners
bank. The latter was not easily discom-
fited, but prepared to demolish Jasper.
Miller, the cashier, asked her to go for
a sleigh ride that afternoon. "Miss
Labelle has been engaged to me for a
sleigh ride for a year."
The cashier, without waiting for a re-
ply, winked at her eyes from her plate.
"Why are you a week before your time,
Jasper?" she asked.
"That's the reason," said Jasper, indi-
cating with a fragment of mince pie on
his fork the retreating form of the cash-
ier. "If I'm only allowed one sleigh
ride a year, I don't see why that fellow
should get ahead of me and have three
a week."
"But your work, Jasper?"
"Oh, McQuinn's looking after that for
me. I explained to him that it was rather
important to clear up matters here, and
so I came."
Lily had not expected her coquetry to
become known. "It is so dull," she said
in extension.
Jasper commenced another mince pie.
"Don't be afraid of its being dull while
I'm here," he said, with sublime self-
confidence. "You promised me one
sleigh ride a year for seven years if I
wanted it, and I guess I'll take this
year's today."
Lily pouted. Jasper smiled and rum-
pled his yellow hair.
"You'd better own up," he said, with
unabated cheerfulness. "How soon can
you be ready?"
Lily was cowed. "Oh, in half an hour,"
and ran away to get her things on.
When Lily came down Jasper smiled ap-
provingly. "You only want some flow-
ers to be perfect," he said.
Lily gave a little cry. "Ah, flowers!
But they are impossible."
"Not at all," said Jasper, taking a box
from his pocket. "Nothing impossible if
you want it badly enough."
Lily opened the box and gave another
cry. "Orange blossoms!" she said.
"Yes," answered Jasper. "From Flor-
ida. People there stick the ends in a po-
tato to keep them fresh. Capital dodge,
isn't it?"
He took out the orange blossoms, threw
away the potato and pinned them to her
jacket.
"Now we're ready to start. Stop a
moment!" and he drew her back behind
the curtain as the cashier drove past on
his way to the schoolhouse.
Lily began to laugh. "It's very wicked
of you, Jasper."
"That will teach him to go sleighing
with my sweetheart," said Jasper cal-
mly.
Lily protested: "You're no right to

say that, Jasper. I only promised you a
sleighride once a year for seven years,
and then if I liked you well enough—
then perhaps I might marry you."
Jasper was drawing on his socks and
gloves. "That's all very well," he said,
"but we haven't the time to wait which
those old Biblical people had. In seven
years' time I expect to be in the cabi-
net."
Lily followed him to the door only to
recall in dismay. "That" was all she
said.
"It's not handsome to look at," said
Jasper drolly. "Rather three-cornered
and lopsided. Still, I don't suppose that
cashier fellow can overtake even a ven-
erable ruin like this."
"If he does," flashed Lily, "I'll change
sleighs."
"Well, that's fair," gently asserted
Jasper. "In you go. There isn't much
fuss and feathers about the old sleigh,
but it means business all the same."
Lily was furious at being treated like
a child. Besides, she had determined to
teach Jasper a lesson.
"Rather like a saucer, Platt's sermon."
They always hang fire at the start," said
Jasper.
"Now, we'll go to Hawkesbury by the
river track. That fellow can see us com-
ing. Ah, I thought so. He'll be down
here in a minute."
Lily looked rather frightened as the
chestnut came along at a furious pace.
It was evident that his driver resem-
bled being a fool of and that there
would be a scene as soon as he could get
his horse alongside Jasper's funeral
quadriga. But no sooner did that de-
jected animal touch the ice than he be-
came a different looking horse altogether.
His head went up and his tail out at the
ring of the chestnut's hoof on the smooth
ice which connected the river with the
shore. Then Jasper, leaping back, wait-
ed until the chestnut was within 20
yards and suddenly loosed the reins.
"What, w-what?" said Lily. "He's
running away, Jasper!"
"Yes, he's doing his level best," said
Jasper as the bank seemed to open up.
"If the chestnut catches us, you can have
his master."
Jasper kept the black's head straight.
That was all he could do with the un-
manageable beast. "You see, Lily," he
explained, "you're fooling one of us
to the top of your bent. Now, take my
just take the chances of war. If he col-
lapses, I shall have to give in."
"I won't," said Lily stoutly, beginning
to realize the situation and how Jasper
had awakened to life under the influence
of jealousy. "Nothing shall make me
marry him. I only drove with him
because it was so dull down here. That
was all."
"Chestnut's coming up a bit," said
Jasper cheerily, after another mile.
"Hope Baalbec will hold out."
Lily gazed anxiously at the animated
"ruin" in the shafts. The chestnut was
galloping. Then she looked at the black
horse. "C-e-couldn't you whip him?"
she asked.
"I could," said Jasper, "but it's hard-
ly fair. He isn't the one that should be
whipped for this."
Lily turned pale. "You're very cruel,
Jasper, but I deserve it all. Nothing
shall make me marry him. I'd rather
go to the bottom of the river with you."
As they neared Hawkesbury the chest-
nut steadily gained. Jasper had succeed-
ed in pulling the old black back into his
gait and began to whistle. Suddenly he
turned pale.
"How far's that fellow behind, Lily?"
he asked.
"Forty yards," said Lily in an agony.
Jasper spoke quite lightly. "Lily," he
said, "did you mean you'd rather go to
the bottom of the river with me than let
that fellow catch up?"
"Yes," said Lily, without hesitation.
"What do you mean, Jasper?"
"This," said Jasper. "I forgot the
spring thaw. Three hundred yards
ahead of us the river's split right across.
Shall I pull up?"
"Yes," said Lily, without hesitation.
"Go on, Jasper," she said. "I'll risk
it."
Jasper looked down for a moment
into her white face. "I'll pull up if you
wish, Lily. I'll be too late directly."
"No, Jasper, I deserve it. Go on, and
—if it's to be goodby— She
kissed him.
"Hold tight," said Jasper, beginning
to pull steadily on the old black.
Lily held tight to the side of the sleigh
in an agony of grief. Then he lifted the
black to the leap, gave one cruel slash
with the whip, there was a crash of
breaking ice as the sleigh struck on the
other side, a slagger from the black. A
convulsive roll and they were over and
30 yards beyond the widening chasm,
with the frightened cashier pulling up
on his brink. When Lily recovered con-
sciousness, she found herself in the
manse parlors at Hawkesbury.
"As you all right, Lily?" asked Jasper
cheerily.
She clung to him and hid her face in
his breast.
"Was it all a dream?"
Jasper took a plain gold ring from his
pocket. "I don't think so," he said. "I
wired down to Mr. Watson yesterday to
expect me this afternoon. Now, Mrs. Watson,
she's all ready."
An hour later the funeral black
crawled lazily back. Half way they met
the cashier, his chestnut nearly foun-
dered and scarce able to stand.
"Thank God!" he cried as they came
in sight. "I thought you were mad."
"No," said Jasper, touching up the
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Buried in a Blue Coffin.
Some 12 years ago a Wigan lady of ad-
vanced age expressed a wish that when
she died her remains should be buried in
a blue coffin. She ordered the article at
that time, and in spite of the efforts of
her friends to induce her to give up this
strange idea she persisted in it, and
when she died a short time ago the
order was duly carried out by a local
undertaker.—London Tit-Bits.

Dick's Pen.
"How does Dick Swirell manage to
live?"
"He supports himself with his pen."
"I didn't know that he was a literary
man."
"He isn't. He writes begging letters
to his father."—Texas Shiftings.

Happy and content is a home with "The Re-
publican"; a lamp with the light of the morning.
Catalogue, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

WE CRY ALOUD FOR MONEY, MONEY, MONEY!

The manufacturers have sent us the goods and now they
want and must have the CASH. We are bound to raise it even
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CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, DRY GOODS, FURNISHING
GOODS, Etc. Every article, no matter be what it may, it must
be sold. Owing to limited space and time, we cannot quote
prices, but will guarantee to all a

Saving of 25 to 50 per cent.
On all Purchases. This is strictly a BONA FIDE SALE and
intended for the benefit of OUR customers as well as the man-
ufacturers. We gain nothing. IT'S ALL for YOU. Now is
your opportunity to buy your fall goods. REMEMBER, every
Article is at your MERCY. We refuse no reasonable offer.

COME EARLY AND SECURE THE CHOICE

Selections of Entire Stock.
Respectfully,
M. M. KAHN.
The house that defies competition and laughs at opposition.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE At Beaver Dam, Kentucky.

The entire Stock of General Merchandise of the late firm of
D. J. COLEMAN & CO.,
Is now offered at and below COST. This stock consists of a well
selected line in every department of a

GENERAL STORE.
A large line of Mens and Boys Clothing. A large line of
Womens' Cloaks and Wraps of the latest Styles and Quality. In
this line will be found many bargains for this Fall and Winter.
A complete line of Men, Women and Children's Shoes.
Hats, Caps, Dry Goods and Notions of every description.
Now is your chance to lay in your winter supply of goods
at absolute wholesale COST.

This sale will continue from day to day until the entire stock
is sold.
Respectfully,
G. M. MADDOX, Assignee.
This October 3, 1893.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.
J. Edwin Rowe
ATTORNEY AT LAW
HARTFORD, KY.
J. N. Glenn, J. N. R. Wedding.
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LAWYERS,**
HARTFORD, KY.
(Office, over Anderson's Bank.)
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the courts of Ohio and adjoining coun-
ties, and court of Appeals. Special
attention given to criminal practice
and collections.

**James A. Smith,
ATTORNEY AT LAW**
HARTFORD, KY.
Will practice his profession in Ohio
and adjoining counties, and court of
Appeals. Special attention given to
collections. Office east side of public
square.
E. D. Guffy, B. D. Ringo.
**Guffy & Ringo,
Attorneys at Law,**
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and collections. Office east side of public
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**R. R. WEDDING,
Attorney at Law,**
BEAVER DAM, KY.
Will practice his profession in all
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ties. Also Notary Public.
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LAWYER**
HARTFORD, KY.
Will practice his profession in all
the Courts of Ohio and adjoining
counties, and in the Court of Ap-
peals. Special attention given to
collections. Office, in County At-
torney's office, in Court House.

**Perry Westerfield,
Attorney at Law.**
BEAVER DAM, KY.

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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 1, 1893.		
WEST BOUND.		
No. 81, No. 83, Daily.		
Lv. Louisville.....	7:45 a. m.	8:45 p. m.
West Point.....	8:11 a. m.	7:20 p. m.
Brandenburg.....	8:17 a. m.	6:27 p. m.
Irrigation.....	8:4 a. m.	5:37 p. m.
St. Louis.....	10:35 a. m.	5:31 p. m.
Cincinnati.....	10:44 a. m.	5:44 p. m.
Hawesville.....	11:11 a. m.	10:10 p. m.
Lewistown.....	11:30 a. m.	10:34 p. m.
Owensboro.....	12:10 p. m.	11:11 p. m.
Spotsville.....	1:04 p. m.	11:05 p. m.
Ar. Henderson.....	1:25 p. m.	12:30 a. m.
EAST BOUND.		
No. 82, No. 84, Daily.		
Lv. Henderson.....	7:15 a. m.	3:15 p. m.
Spotsville.....	7:37 a. m.	3:37 p. m.
Owensboro.....	8:27 a. m.	4:25 p. m.
Lewistown.....	9:00 a. m.	5:00 p. m.
Hawesville.....	9:33 a. m.	5:30 p. m.
Cincinnati.....	10:01 a. m.	6:57 p. m.
St. Louis.....	10:28 a. m.	7:19 p. m.
Irrigation.....	11:02 a. m.	7:50 p. m.
Brandenburg.....	11:20 p. m.	7:31 p. m.
West Point.....	12:00 p. m.	8:05 p. m.
Ar. Louisville.....	1:00 p. m.	9:00 p. m.

Trains No. 81 and No. 82 make connection at
Irrigation (Sunday excepted) with trains on Loui-
ville, Brandenburg & Western R. R., east and
west bound. For further information, address
J. C. MORDUE, Gen. Frt. Agt.,
Louisville, Ky.

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CALL ON
C. Theo. Cain,
THE PHOTOGRAPHER.**
For the finest and Most Artistic Work,
any size or style. Frederick St., between
3rd and 4th. Om37

Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

JO. B. ROGERS, Editor and Proprietor

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1893.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR STATE SENATOR,

C. S. TAYLOR,
Of Ohio County.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE,
W. M. AWTRY.

FOR SUFF. OF SCHOOLS,
G. S. FITZHUGH.

Our school interests will be zealously guarded and cared for by G. S. Fitzhugh.

C. S. TAYLOR is well posted on the needs of this people and as our State Senator will represent us honestly.

LIP E. PIKE, one of the best professional base ball players in the country, died in New York last Tuesday.

C. S. TAYLOR, W. M. Awtry and G. S. Fitzhugh are a strong team and will not be balked by the team that now confronts them.

Is the Chattanooga City election last Tuesday the Democratic Mayor was elected by the small majority of 108 votes, and five out of eight Aldermen that were elected were Republicans.

DON'T let the school interests of Ohio county die, but vote for G. S. Fitzhugh for County Superintendent and he will devote his time and energy in giving us a better class of schools.

No man in Ohio county stands higher or has the confidence of the people to a greater degree than has W. M. Awtry, our candidate for Representative. Vote for him and you will be represented.

A movement is on foot to vacate the City Schools of Evansville, Ind., from the 19th to the 29th to give teachers and pupils an opportunity to visit the World's Fair at a rate of \$3.50 for round trip.

MR. WHITTAKER may expect the three hundred majority from this county promised him by its Delegates at Beaver Dam last Tuesday, but the returns have yet to come in and its exceedingly doubtful about him getting them.

SEVEN hundred thousand people—probably the largest crowd ever assembled—visited the World's Fair on the 9th, Chicago Day, breaking the one day record at Paris by an overwhelming majority, and completely smothering the big Fair figures of any other exhibition ever held.

An old Pottawattamie Chief, Simon Pokagon, whose father, Leopold, deeded the land upon which Chicago is built, played an important part in the parade at the World's Fair on Chicago Day. He lives in Hartford, Mich., and was born sixty-three years ago the 27th day of last September, on the very day that his father made the deed to the agents of the United States.

INDIANAPOLIS, ex-President Harrison's home, gave Cleveland 640 majority last November. Since that time the people have learned a thing or two, and on last Tuesday in an election of Mayor, Clerk, Police Judge and six Councilmen the Republicans "swept up the face of the earth," electing every one of their candidates by majorities ranging from 2,500 to 3,000. How is this for a gain?

JAMES E. WHITTAKER, of Loganport, Butler county, was nominated by the Democrats at Beaver Dam last Tuesday as a candidate for State Senator for the 7th District. Mr. Whittaker is as good a citizen as the District has in it and a man of some aspirations, having once been a candidate for Door-keeper of the House of Representatives. It seems that to be sacrificed was no choice of Mr. Whittaker's, but merely a determination on the part of the Convention that none of the rest of them would be, and probably more as a joke than a reality. Mr. Whittaker accepted it, for knowing as he does that there is not a man in the District that even with a fighting chance could beat G. Slade Taylor, and as it is with a majority of a round one thousand staring him in the face, it's bound to be a joke.

An editor of a blooming county paper in the rural districts describes a full dress reception thusly: The widow of George Smith wore a dark coffee, held in place by the pulley-bone of a sage hen, and looked first rate. Her daughter wore a negligee costume consisting of a red blanket, caught back with real burdock burrs and held in place by means of a lame string. Miss Henry wore blue calico with bunch of grass at the throat. Miss Slylock wore straw colored lode with rick-rack around the arm holes. After a pleasant evening a general row was indulged in, and the doctors and undertakers did the rest.

Wanted—One or two carloads of good poplar lumber. Address, F. A. AMES & CO., Owensboro, Ky.

WASHINGTON.

This week has been far from satisfactory to the Administration. First came the dissatisfaction among Democratic Congressmen at the arbitrary order of Mr. Cleveland compelling them to submit their business with the President to private Secretary Huber, who decides whether they may or may not see the President. This dissatisfaction became so marked that an official explanation was given out from the White House, to the effect that the original order was issued because Mr. Cleveland had decided to accept the recommendations of members of his cabinet as to all appointments coming under their several departments and that it was therefore necessary for Congressmen to see him concerning appointments. The next move of the Administration was an attempt to stop the growing tendency towards a settlement by compromise of the silver dead-lock in the Senate, made through Secretary Carlisle who announced to the Democratic Senators that no compromise would be countenanced by the Administration, and that unless the Voorhees repeal bill was passed it would be kept before the Senate to the exclusion of the bill for the repeal of the Federal election laws, the tariff and all other political legislation, the idea being that the Southern Senators opposed to the Voorhees bill would be thus coerced into supporting that measure. It seems to have had a contrary effect, as for the first time Democratic Senators have since openly advocated compromise on the floor of the Senate and sharply criticised the Administration Senators for refusing to agree to it.

While nearly all of the Republican Senators believe that a compromise is the only way out of the silver dead-lock, they are taking no part in bringing it about, feeling that the proposition for compromise should come from the Democrats as long as that party is in the majority in the Senate and responsible for legislation. The Republicans also know that any proposition they might make for a compromise would be misconstrued. In fact the treatment of the Republican Senators who favor the repeal of the purchasing clause of the silver law has hardly been fair, while counting upon their votes to aid in passing the bill when it comes to a vote, if it ever does, and upon their assistance in any method that might be adopted to force it to a vote, Senator Voorhees has at no time taken them into his plans, or asked their advice. A natural consequence of this is that a number of Republican Senators who are from principle in favor of repeal will do nothing to help Senator Voorhees force a vote. As the case stands now the silver men are defiant and Senator Voorhees has publicly confessed his inability to get a vote.

The second week of the debate in the House on the bill for the repeal of the Federal election laws has been, if possible, even more uninteresting than the first, the Republicans allowing the Democrats to do the most talking, contenting themselves with interjecting a question now and then just to show the falsity of the Democratic arguments.

The big sugar trust now has a lobby in Washington, for the purpose of seeing that the Democratic members of the House Ways and Means Committee do not weaken under the great pressure that is now being brought to bear upon them and leave sugar untaxed. The sugar trust can well afford to spend a million or two dollars if necessary, to get a tax put upon foreign sugar, as experts figure that such a tax would enable the sugar trust to pocket anywhere from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 the day the tax went into effect. The whisky trust has also a lobbyist at work trying to get the revenue tax on whisky increased. This trust has an enormous quantity of whisky in bond and any increase in the tax would be just making it a present of so much money.

Representative Davis, of Kansas, showed the House Committee on Banking and Currency how little he knew about sound financial methods by an argument in favor of his bill to issue \$200,000,000 in fractional currency. His statement that the farmers were unable to pay their debts because of the scarcity of money was repudiated by every member of the Committee, Republican and Democrat alike, so far as their districts are concerned, and he was several times cornered by questions from members of the Committee. Mr. Davis is one of those who believe that all the government has to do is to keep on issuing money, without regard to its future redemption, in order to make everybody prosperous and happy.

The House Committee on Invalid Pensions wants to know about those pension suspensions as well as about some other methods of the present management of the pension bureau, and at its first meeting, held this week, it authorized the reporting of a resolution to the House calling for detailed information from the Commissioner of Pensions, and later got it adopted by the House.

TOWN TATTLE.

One of our oldest and most highly respected citizens tells this story of the good antebellum days. The actors were boys about twelve or fourteen years of age. One of them is now a citizen of this county, the other is a preacher in another State. The boys were at preaching at Alexander Schoolhouse one winter day when the ground was covered with snow. The boys, instead of listening to the sermon, spent the time in the yard snow-balling. Finally the boy,

who is now the preacher, got in a heavy hit on his companion and then retreated into the house for safety. But his friend was not to be put off, so preparing a very solid snow-ball he deliberately walked into the house where he found his companion apparently taking great interest in the sermon. The boy with the snow-ball took in the situation at a glance, but nothing daunted. He explained his unceremonious entrance to the surprise of the preacher and his hearers by exclaiming: "Preacher or no preacher, Devil or no Devil, I'm going to hit him," and true to his word he let fly the snow-ball with unerring aim and slid out the door.

How few persons there are in the world who are really polite in all things. But there is no excuse for such "bad breaks" as was noticed on the Postoffice corner last Sunday eve. A large crowd was waiting the distribution of the mail, and among the rest several young ladies and gentlemen. One of the latter had occasion to pass one of the young ladies a paper, and instead of carrying it to her, he threw it carelessly toward her. It fell several feet away and he did not offer to pick it up. The neglect was no doubt unintentional but it was quite noticeable and is merely an example of off recurring failure on the part of folks in general to be truly polite.

Last Thursday while the Court of Claims was in session, Mr. S. L. Fulkerson sent the following note to the parties addressed:

CASENIER & BURTON:—
Please have my horse shod on his four feet only. S. L. FULKERSON.
At once—I want to ride this eve.

To which he received the following reply:

MR. FULKERSON:—
It is impossible to do as you ask. Your horse cannot be shod on his four feet—as he is bound to hold one up while being shod.

CASENIER & BURTON.

FORDVILLE.

Health of the community good.

Rev. J. Bolling preached a sermon to the children Monday night at the M. E. Church.

Rev. B. F. Jenkins filled his regular appointment here Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Mary McCarty returned from Owensboro Friday.

Miss Belle Whittinghill passed through town en route to her home at Rosine, where she will remain till Sunday.

Mrs. Eliza Walker is visiting relatives at the Walker House.

Miss Josie Watterson, of Prentiss, and Adolphus Johnson, Sulphur Springs, are the guests of Miss Oma and Byron Petty.

Ed Forbes and wife spent Sunday at the home of their uncle, Col. Edwin Forbes.

Prof. F. P. Stum, of Whitesville, is visiting relatives and friends here.

Miss Alice Brown has accepted the position as teacher of the Primary room. Miss Alice is one of our most intelligent young ladies and the position could not be filled by a more competent person.

The teachers of the Fordville school gave a spelling match Friday night, which proved quite a success and reflected much credit on the teachers.

The Fordville Teachers' Association, which met at Haynesville, was not very successful owing to the teachers not being informed in due time.

Master Watman Brooks, who has been quite ill of malaria fever, is improving.

Mr. Dabney Gaines, one of our oldest and honored citizens is ill at this writing.

Mr. White Sanders, who lived near Fordville, died on Saturday, Sept. 30, 1893. Mr. Sanders had been ill some time. He was eighty-four years old.

Long live the dear old REPUBLICAN.

Only a Boy!

The above charming booklet sent by mail for One Dollar. 10 121 fr G. WRIGHT, Richardsville, Ky.

If you can afford to be annoyed by sick headache and constipation, don't use De Witt's Little Early Risers for they will cure them. L. B. BRAN.

Pay Your Taxes!

Under the new

revenue law I must

settle my accounts

with the Auditor

next month, and at

the first of next

month a penalty of

six per cent is added

to all unpaid taxes.

The money due as

unpaid taxes must be

paid at once, so please

come forward and settle

without further

cost.

Very Resp'y,

J. P. STEVENS, Sheriff.

Men laugh when told that Tobacco

injuries them, who, if they were honest,

would confess to nervous headache,

fluttering of the heart, throat disease, disarranged stomach and a

general breaking down of their system.

Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets are the only remedy that effects a

speedy and permanent cure.

DO YOU KNOW

Our friends not only in Hartford but elsewhere are requested to make contributions to this column. Give your name each time as a proof of good faith. We should like to have "Do You Knows" from all the neighborhood towns. Send in by Wednesday.

That Jim Williams is as cute as ever?

That E. Tracy is growing enormously fat?

That "Bat" Nall is still in the laundry business?

That Bob Walker has left town and the streets are dull?

That the Hartford Lecture Club is a grand institution?

That Moore & Griffin conduct a general laundry business?

That John Vaught looked awful bad on Sunday after the Fair?

That two teachers came in last Saturday, thinking it was pay day?

That B. Smoot pays 50 cents a week to see his name in this column?

That "Dr. Rattlehead" has cooled off, and now says he does not want to fight?

That Will Fair is getting gray from trouble—his girl has gone back on him?

That the young duck who writes to the Louisville Star is sly, but I have found him out?

KINDERHOOK.

That S. E. Bennett still goes to the Bend?

That C. H. Kilis spent Sunday above town?

Why Steve Woodward don't come to Kinderhook?

That you ought to subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN?

That A. B. Riley attended church at Mt. Hebron Sunday?

That THE REPUBLICAN grows more interesting with each issue?

CANEYVILLE.

That we have a good paper here?

That we will have a wedding soon?

That an ice wagon melted here last week?

That Less Black is the ugliest man in town?

That Arch Romans likes the milliner business?

That Sanford Newman is a jolly drummer?

That Harned Bros. & Co. have a big store?

That new business firms are starting up in Caneyville?

That THE REPUBLICAN is very popular among our people?

That we have more pretty girls than any other town in the State?

That Greely Romans is awful sly about where he goes Sunday evenings?

That you ought to subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN, as it is the best paper coming to this office?

BEAVER DAM.

That business is good?

That Tom Stevens is full of gas?

Why Fred Taylor is always chewing wax?

Why Banker Barnes' head looks so slick?

That Beaver Dam has a lot of pretty girls?

That Byron Barnes looks like a monkey?

That Taylor-Hunt Co. will have a nice store?

That a Hartford boy got left here not long since?

Why Hob Taylor goes over to Hartford so often?

That Tom Taylor goes after his mail 33 times each day?

That several people want to know who writes from this place?

That the buxet Charlie Parrott ought to have had never came?

That everybody is well pleased with THE REPUBLICAN at this place?

That Perry Westerfield is the best salesman that ever struck Beaver Dam?

That Ed Barnes can do more talking in 5 minutes than any other person can do in 50 minutes?

HORTON.

That Willie Davis is our clown?

That we expect a wedding soon?

That we are for Taylor and Awtry?

That Goobar Taylor likes Services?

That Lonnie Sauderfur has lost his girl?

That Charley Childs feeds his girl on taffy?

Why Henry Taylor is much like a monkey?

That Major Black loves the name of Maude?

Why Loney Thompson can't afford a moustache?

That Mary Wedding is the sweetest girl in Horton?

That Willie Boswell is looking cross-eyed at B. M.

That Clyde Taylor says he is going to the World's Fair?

That George Liles' shoes were too slick in the candy pulling?

Why THE REPUBLICAN gets more interesting each issue?

That Randolph Wedding looks handsome in his base ball suit?

That Henry Martin would be handsome if he had Ben Plummer's face?

Why Bird Barnard wants to see I. E. McClure every Sunday evening?

That Ben Plummer's girl was not out to the candy pulling last Saturday night?

That there is an old maid in Horton that would be real good looking if she had a new set of teeth?

THE SECTARY.

A heavy hand the brutal need to break. A foot to quench the smoking flask well shod. A bitter root, alert and keen to make. The better more while belittling mankind and God.

A village stern that bids all stand apart. Who dare to worship at a different shrine. A sudden mood, cold and sluggish hate. Enraptured by all guile of love and hate.

A tongue in childing swirl, in prating loose. A practiced eye his fellows' faults to scan. These are the attributes by which men know The sectary, unrivaled by God or man.

THE QUIET MAN.

When I was quite a young fellow and hadn't long joined the army, I used to belong to a fashionable club in London, the members of which were just the sort of men you read about in Lever's novels—as wild as will could be, always in some scrape or other, and spending their whole time in riding, shooting, gambling or fighting—all except one.

That one was a small, quiet, pale faced, gray haired man, with a very sad, weary look, as if he had once "seen" crushed by some great sorrow, and had never been able to shake it off. He hardly ever spoke to any one, and when he did it was in a voice as meek as his face. So of course we made great fun of him among ourselves, finding these quiet ways of his a very queer contrast to our own rascally, harum scarum style, and we nicknamed him the "Quietest Man in the Club," though, indeed, we might just as well have called him the only quiet man in it.

Well, one evening when the room was pretty full, and our friend the quiet man was sitting as usual in the far corner away from everybody else, we began to talk about dueling, a subject with which we were all tolerably familiar, for there was hardly a man among us who hadn't been "out" once.

"They don't do it any more in the old times," said Lord H., who was killed afterward in action. "You remember how those six chums of Henry III. of France fought three to three till there was only one left alive out of the six."

"That was pretty fair certainly," cried Charlie Thornton of the Guards, "but after all it doesn't beat the great duel 30 years ago between Sir Henry Martineau and Colonel Fortescue."

He had hardly spoken when up jumped the quiet man as if somebody had stuck a pin into him.

"What on earth's the matter with him?" whispered Thornton. "I never saw him like that before."

"But what was the story, then, Charlie?" asked another man. "I've heard of Fortescue, of course, for he was the most famous duelist of his time in all England, and I've heard of his fight with Martineau, too, but I don't think I've ever had any particulars, or at least none worth speaking of."

"I can give them to you, then," answered Thornton; "for my uncle was Martineau's second, and I've heard him tell the story many a time, and he always said that although he had been in plenty of duels he had never seen one like that and never wanted to see it again. What they quarreled about I don't know, but he says they didn't know themselves, but my uncle used to say he knew by the look in their eyes when they took their places to fight that it could not end without blood, and it didn't."

"They fired twice, and every shot told, and then their seconds, seeing that both men were hurt and bleeding fast, wanted to put an end to it. But Fortescue—who was one of those grim fellows who are always most dangerous toward the end of the fight—insisted upon a third shot. The third time, by some accident, Martineau fired a moment too soon and gave a him bad wound in the side, but Fortescue pressed his hand to the wound to stop the bleeding, and then, almost bent double with pain though he was, he fired and brought down his man."

"Killed him?"

"Rather. Shot him straight through the heart. But it was his last duel, for from that day he was never heard of again, and people said he had either committed suicide or died of a broken heart."

"Well, I don't see why he need have done that, for after all, it was a fair fight," struck in Lord H., who had been looking over the newspapers on the table. "But, if you talk of dueling, what do you say to this?"

"The notorious duelling tragedy in Paris. The notorious Parisian bully and duelist, Armand de Villeneuve, has just added another wreath to his blood stained laurels, the new victim being the Chevalier Henri de Polignac, a fine young fellow of 23, the only son of a widowed mother. Some strong expressions of disgust used by the chevalier with reference to one of De Villeneuve's former duels having come to the latter's ears, he sought out De Polignac and insulted him so grossly as to render a meeting inevitable."

"The chevalier having fired first and missed, De Villeneuve called out to him, 'Look to the second buttonhole of your coat' and sent a bullet through the spot indicated into the breast of his opponent, who expired half an hour later in great agony. His mother is said to be broken hearted at his death. How much longer, we wonder, will this savage be allowed to offer these human sacrifices to his own insatiable vanity?"

"Just then I happened to look up and saw the quiet man rise slowly from his chair, with a face so changed that it startled me almost as much as if I had seen him disappear bodily and another man rise up in his stead. I had once seen an old painting abroad in which an avenging angel was hurling lightning bolts upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and that was just how this man looked at that moment. He glanced at his watch and then came across the room and went quickly out."

The next night, and the next, and the next after that, the quiet man didn't appear at the club and we all began to wonder what could have become of him. But when I came in on the fourth evening, there he was, though he looked—as it seemed to me—rather paler and feebler than usual.

"Here's news for you, Fred," called out Charlie Thornton. "That rascally French duelist, De Villeneuve, has met his match at last, and Dr. Lanett of the 1st Bengal Native Infantry, who saw the whole affair, is just going to tell us all about it."

"Well, this was how it happened," began the doctor. "In passing through Paris I stopped to visit my old friend, Colonel de Malet, and he and I were strolling through the Tuileries gardens when suddenly a murrain ran through the crowd. Here comes De Villeneuve. Then the throng parted, and I had just time to catch a glimpse of the bully's tall figure and long black moustache when a man stepped forth from the crowd and said something to him, and then suddenly dealt him a blow."

"Then there was a rush and clamor of voices, and everybody came crowding round so that I couldn't see anything. But presently De Malet came up to me and said, 'Lanett, we shall want you in this affair, although I'm afraid that you won't have a chance of showing your surgery for De Villeneuve never wounds without killing.' Just then the crowd opened, and I saw to my amazement that this man who had insulted and doled the most terrible fighter in all France was a slim little fellow, with a pale, meager face."

ger face. "As the challenged party, I have the choice of weapons," he heard him say quite coolly, "and I choose swords."

"Are you mad?" cried De Malet, seizing his arm. "Don't you know De Villeneuve's deadliest swordsmanship in Europe. Choose pistols—give yourself a chance!"

"Pistols may miss—swords can't," answered the stranger in a tone of such savage determination that every one who heard him, even De Villeneuve himself, turned pale. "I had vowed never to fight again, save with a man who deserved to die. But you have deserted it well by your cold blooded murders, and die you shall!"

"Where both sides were so eager to fight there was no need of much preparation. They met that evening, Colonel de Malet being the stranger's second and another French officer acting for De Villeneuve."

"They fought for some time without a scratch on either side, and then suddenly the Englishman stumbled forward, exposing his left side. Quick as lightning the Frenchman's point darted in, and instantly the other's shirt was all crimson with blood, but the moment he felt the steel pierce him he made a thrust with all his strength and buried his sword up to the hilt in De Villeneuve's body. Then I understood that he had deliberately laid himself open to his opponent's weapon in order to make sure of killing him. So he had, for De Villeneuve never spoke again."

Just as the doctor said this, down fell a chair with a great crash, and, looking up we saw the quiet man trying to slip past us to the door. Dr. Lanett sprang up and caught him by both hands.

"You here?" he cried. "Let me congratulate you upon having punished, as he deserved, the most cold hearted duelist in existence. I trust your wound does not pain you much?"

"What?" we all shouted. "was it he who killed De Villeneuve?"

"Indeed it was," answered the doctor, "and it was the pickiest thing I ever saw."

We all jumped up from our chairs and came crowding round the air ring, but he looked at us so sadly and darkly that it made the stoutest of us grow pale.

"Ah, last! last!" said he in a tone of deep dejection, "for heaven's sake don't praise a man for having shed blood and destroyed life. I killed that ruffian as I would have killed a wild beast to save those whom he would have slaughtered. But I told the man who said 'take a human life merely to gratify his own pride and anger!' if you wish to know what happiness a successful duelist enjoys, look at me. Do you remember that story which Captain Thornton told here the other night about the duel in which Colonel Fortescue—the famous duelist, as you call him—killed Sir Henry Martineau?"

"To be sure," answered Charlie Thornton, looking rather scared. "But what of it?"

"I was once Colonel Fortescue," was

Fall Clothing.

The condition of the market makes it possible for us to say

A FALL IN CLOTHING

You can get just what you need at just about your own price.

THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A TIME

And we hope, in all sincerity, that there never will be such a time again. But we can't mend matters by wishing—we must

BE UP AND DOING.

The goods were ordered when everybody thought times were good.

Our Stock Must Go!

So, if you can use a suit—and of course you can't get through the winter in a summer blazer—why

COME IN AND TAKE YOUR PICK.

This means business from the word jump!

FAIR BROS. & CO

Hard times Clothiers.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1893.

Smoot for pictures
Flour and Meal at Williams'.
See our Cloaks. CARSON & CO.
Try Stevens & Collins for Groceries.
Buy your boots at Fair Bros. & Co.
Stevens & Collins for Sweet Pickles.
Buy a stylish cloak at Fair Bros. & Co's.
Cheapest groceries at Stevens & Collins.
Big line of Millinery at Fair Bros. & Co's.
Best line of clothing at Fair Bros. & Co's.
Take your produce to Stevens & Collins.
Best Jeans pants at Fair Bros. & Co's.
Smoot is the best Photographer. Call on him.
Best Jeans, Linsey Blankets at Fair Bros. & Co's.
PICNIC HAMS at W. H. Williams. Try one.
Call on Tracy & Son for the best Sorghum Molasses.
Stevens & Collins sell and weigh at the same price.
The best stock of clothing in the country is at Carson & Co's.
We have an endless variety of Cloaks. CARSON & CO.
Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Pears at W. H. Williams.
We have every style and shape of Hats.
Stop at the Commercial Hotel. Thos. H. Bean is the proprietor.
Trade continues good at Fair Bros. & Co. Our prices insure good times.
Don't fail to see the MAMMOTH stock of groceries at W. H. Williams'. Wholesale and Retail.
Casebier & Burton will treat you right. Leave orders with them for anything in their line.
Teachers, when you come to town next Saturday, visit C. R. Martin, the jeweler, at Williams & Bell's.
John Earls and Miss Mollie Higgs, of Pleasant Ridge, were married at the Court House yesterday by Judge John P. Norton.
All kinds of STAPLE and FANCY Groceries, wholesale and retail at W. H. Williams'. Try him once and you will always go there.
Dr. J. R. Platte leaves this morning for Nashville, Tenn., where he will enter the Dental Department of Vanderbilt University.
For the lowest price, and the best terms on School Furniture and apparatus, required by the new school law, see or write W. A. GUNSON, Agt., Hartford, Ky.

W. H. WILLIAMS LEADS.

Thos. H. Bean is at the Commercial Hotel. Call and see him.
You can depend on the Clover Leaf Shoe. CARSON & CO.
Big trade in Fair Bros. & Co's. Millinery Department.
Try our \$1 Ladies Button Shoes. CARSON & CO.
Smoot will make you a good Photograph and he guarantees his work.
Every farmer that buys his Fall Goods at Fair Bros. & Co., saves money.
Call on C. R. Martin for jewelry and watch repairing—at Williams & Bell's.
It is useless to say that W. H. Williams has FREE DELIVERY, for they all know it.
FOR SALE—A fine young saddle horse, cheap for cash. Apply to S. A. ANDERSON, Hartford, Ky.
Remember that Thos. Bean is at the Commercial, where he will be pleased to see his friends.
Our local advertisers are all live business men and can be relied upon to do just what they say.
Don't fail to try our ever reliable Milliner, Miss Sara Collins. CARSON & CO.
For fine groceries, tinware, confectioneries and fruits, call on Stevens & Collins. They will treat you right.
E. T. Miller, Prentiss, made an assignment Saturday for the benefit of his creditors. Liabilities not known.
Rev. J. R. McAfee will preach at Alexander Schoolhouse next Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m. The public generally is invited.
Last Monday as Henry Osborne was returning from Owensboro he lost a pocket-book containing \$75 and two valuable receipts.
If you want to be on time, just ride on Casebier & Burton's 'Bus. They meet all trains, and keep a first-class livery stable.
H. C. Pace has added two elegant new revolving chairs to his barbershop, and is now better prepared than ever to accommodate you.
Mr. J. W. Ford has sold the Hartford House to J. W. Weaver, of Jefferson county. Mr. Carson will continue to run it for some time yet.
It will be awful nice to leave a picture when you are dead, so you had better call on Smoot and have one made while you are in good health.
Mr. Richard Bennett, of Beda, has sold his farm and stock and will start at once for Altoona, Florida, where he will make his future home. Mr. Bennett is honest, upright and industrious, and while we regret to lose him as one of our friends and citizens, we heartily recommend him and his family to those with whom they may cast their lot.

Buy the Anderson wear for ever Shoes for school. CARSON & CO.

LOST—One bay mare, about 16 years old, on the 27th ult. Finder will please leave her at M. C. Gilman's, Magan and be liberally rewarded.

Buy your School Furniture and apparatus, required by the new school law, of the United States School Furniture Co. W. A. GUNSON, Agt., Hartford Ky.

Mrs. W. M. Awtry, Horse Branch, being sick prevents Mr. W. M. Awtry from now being actively engaged in a canvass of the county. He hopes to be able to start out next week.

At Home.

Having had an excellent season on the road with my splendid photographing outfit I have now established my gallery permanently at my new house in Beaver Dam, Ky., where I am fully equipped for doing all kinds of photographic work. Cabinet photo's a specialty. Instantaneous photographs of children. Call and see my work. Very truly,
A. D. TAYLOR.

Execution Sale.

On Saturday the 21st day of Oct., 1893, at the residence of the late Joseph C. Barnett, in Ohio County, Ky., we will offer for sale at public outcry to the highest bidder a lot of farming implements, horses, mules, cows, hogs, corn, hay &c.
Terms made known on day of sale.
(WOOD TINSLEY,) Exr.
C. M. BARNETT,) Exr.

Program of the Ohio County Baptist Ministers' Institute.

Which will convene at Beaver Dam, Ky., Friday Oct. 27, 1893.

1.—What course should be pursued with Baptists who remove into the vicinity of a Baptist church, but refuse to join it?—J. S. Coleman and A. G. Davis.

2.—Is it in keeping with Baptist practice or scriptural, to receive or to finally dismiss a member, whether by exclusion or otherwise, except by unanimous vote of all voting in the case?—J. T. Casebier and W. H. Bell.

3.—Is it scriptural to expel a penitent and expectant transgressor from the church?—T. J. Morton and J. Likens.

4.—What should churches do with members who have means but refuse to contribute to the support of the church?—J. N. Jarnagin and W. G. Fulkerson.

5.—Is an unregenerate man a free moral agent?—G. W. Gordon and B. F. Jenkins.

6.—The evils of annual calls to the pastorate—D. J. K. Madrox and A. G. Davis.

7.—The scriptural doctrine of predestination—A. B. Smith and M. M. Hampton.

8.—The importance of Ministers' attending the meetings of the Ohio County Baptist Ministers' Institute—H. P. Brown and L. W. Tichenor.

9.—Repentance, what is it and what are its results?—E. D. Maddox and J. A. Acton.

Those Ministers that were not present at the last meeting will read the papers they prepared for that meeting. J. S. COLEMAN, Ch'm'n.

College Happenings.

J. H. Williams and W. H. Osborne visited relatives in Daviess county Friday and Saturday.

A. S. Bennett visited his parents near Beda Saturday.

J. L. Brown is absent from school this week on the account of sickness.

Master Bonnie Barnett is in Louisville this week.

Misses Mabel Kimbley and Bertie Morton attended the Owensboro Fair last week.

Capt. M. H. Campbell, of Henderson, Ky., came up Friday and brought his two sons, Willie and Henry, and put them in school here.

Verily the R. E. C.'s do move. Miss Verda Duke "jined 'em" Friday.

D. H. Howerton is a new member in the Adelphi Society.

Dr. Alexander proposes to quit debating with the boys, because he is always on the losing side of the question.

The fight between the boys and the girls in the Latin class is warmer and promises to make this one of the most interesting classes in school.

Prof. T. J. Coats, editor of the Greenville Mühlenburger, paid us a pleasant visit Tuesday morning.

Capt. W. H. Sandusky, proprietor of the Sandusky House, Central City, attended General Exercise Tuesday morning.

J. W. Power, of Tennessee, entered school this week.

PERSONAL

Miss Sue Yeiser is visiting in Owensboro.

Dr. A. B. Baud went to Lexington Tuesday.

Miss Sallie Cate went to Owensboro Monday.

Tom Beck, Spring Lick, was in town Wednesday.

A. L. Westerfield, Prentiss, was in town Wednesday.

Col. J. S. R. Wedding spent Saturday and Sunday in Rosine.

R. J. Mason, Buford, called to see us while in town Wednesday.

Truman Woodward, Centertown, gave us a pleasant call Tuesday.

Henry Osborne and Lee Stevens returned from Owensboro Monday.

E. P. Moore, Sulphur Springs, spent several days in town this week.

Mrs. J. M. Barnett and little son, Bonnie, are visiting relatives in Louisville.

Misses Bertie Morton and Mabel Kimbley returned from Owensboro Tuesday.

Mrs. G. J. Bean and daughter, Miss Anna, visited relatives near Sulphur Springs this week.

Mr. James F. Carson, the genial proprietor of the Hartford House, is visiting the World's Fair.

Miss Hortense Rogers, of the Liberty neighborhood, is visiting the family of her brother, Jo. B. Rogers.

Mr. Ike Johnson and wife, of Spring Grove, arrived in town yesterday to visit friends and relatives for several days.

F. L. Felix and wife, Miss Mary Nell, City, and Miss Maggie Duncan, McHenry, are attending the World's Fair.

Mrs. Rev. E. Warriner and daughter, Miss Edna, of Meridan, Conn., are visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. E. Thomas.

Thomas W. Casebier and wife, of Muhlenburg county, spent Saturday and Sunday in town, the guests of J. M. Casebier and family.

Mrs. M. L. Heavrin, Mrs. John R. Phipps and Miss Rosa Woerner will leave for Louisville Sunday, where they will visit friends and relatives for two or three weeks.

Lost—Pocket-book

On last Monday between Hartford and Owensboro a large black pocket-book containing Seventy-five Dollars (\$75)—one fifty dollar bill, two tens and one five. The finder will please leave at this office and be liberally rewarded.

HENRY OSBORNE.

Notice.

The Farmers Alliance and Industrial Union of Ohio County, will hold its next quarterly meeting with Clear Run sub-Union, Oct. 19th and 20th.

Every sub-Union in the county is earnestly requested to send delegates to this meeting. We are authorized by the Chairman of the Executive Committee to remit all past dues of delinquents and reinstate all sub-Unions on the payment of the semi-annual assessment. Let every suspended Union in the county call a meeting immediately and send delegates to this meeting. The Alliance is bound to boom and all we need is your assistance. There will be some very important business transacted at this meeting and you are needed to help us. Fraternally,

JAMES P. MILLER,

Pres. F. A. & I. U.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Hartford Postoffice, which if not called for in ten days will be sent to the Dead Letter Office:

Miss Lula Bean, Rev. Jas. Browning, Pricilla Buckner, Miss Mat Brown, Eld Louis Burdette, Mr. Chesterfield, Mr. Lonnie Coache, Miss Julia H. Chinn, E. L. Davenport, Jack Goldberry, Dr. Wm. Headen, Mr. Harris Kotz, G. P. Kelly, Mr. J. Kotz, V. B. Morton, Mrs. Annie Taylor, Andrew Tygren, Mr. George Tonzie, James Tyler, Rev. W. C. Wilson, Chas. Rosenheim & Co.

Superintendent's Appointments.

I will visit the following schools at times named:

MONDAY, OCT. 23.

9 a m, No 107, Mrs. Mollie Storms.

11:30 a m, No. 45.

2:30 p m, No. 80, Miss Florence Wright.

TUESDAY, 24.

8 a m, No. 84, E. F. Rhodes.

10:30 a m, No. 76, Miss Eva Pirtle.

3 p m, No. 24, Miss Phronia Miller.

WEDNESDAY, 25.

8 a m, No. 43.

11 a m, No. 42, J. D. Hocker.

2:30 p m, No. 93, Mrs. Pearl Miller.

THURSDAY, 26.

8 a m, No. 59, Carl Soper.

11 a m, No. 95, Miss Belle Whittinghill.

2:30 p m, No. 96, S. W. Pate and F. J. Jarboe.

FRIDAY, 27.

8 a m, No. 77, V. I. Mosely.

11 a m, No. 3, Miss Ella Herring.

2:30 p m, No.

The Trustees and patrons are requested to be present. It is especially necessary that the full Board of Trustees be on hand, as important business will be transacted with each District. Trustees will bring their Record Book and District Boundary. Resp'y, JO. B. ROGERS.

What Do You Take

Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases caused by impure blood and debility of the system. It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. Be sure to get Hood's, and only Hood's.

Purely vegetable—HOOD'S PILLS

—25cents.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Sacrificial Lamb's Name Is Whittaker.

The Democratic Senatorial Convention for this District met at Beaver Dam last Tuesday evening to nominate a candidate for State Senator.

The meeting was called to order by the Chairman of the District Committee and on motion Col. S. P. Love, of Greenville, was elected Chairman and R. D. Ringo, of Hartford, was made Secretary along with the members of the Democratic Press, Moses R. Glenn, J. R. Jones and J. F. Kimberlin as Assistant Secretaries.

On motion the Chair appointed a Committee on Resolutions as follows: T. J. Smith and J. S. Glenn, of Ohio county, J. F. Kimberlin and S. L. Taylor, of Butler county, M. R. Glenn and Judge Jep C. Johnson, of Muhlenburg county. This Committee reported as follows:

RESOLVED, First, That we approve of the calling of this District Mass Convention for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent this Senatorial District, composed of Muhlenburg, Butler and Ohio Counties, and we also,

Second, Approve of the cause and policy of the present Democratic Administration with reference to the extra session of Congress and the object and patriotic purposes in calling the same, and we express our renewed devotion to the principles of the Democratic party and have full confidence in the representatives of the party carrying out the will of the party as expressed at the poles November last.

Third, Recognizing the sterling ability, eminent worth and fitness of Esq. J. E. Whittaker, of Butler county, we recommend the name of this gentleman as the standard-bearer for the Democratic Senatorial honors of the 7th District, and,

RESOLVED, That we pledge to the nominee of this Convention our hearty support on the 7th day of November next. All of which is respectfully submitted. J. C. JOHNSON, Ch'm'n.

J. F. KIMBERLIN, Sec'y.

Report of Committee was unanimously adopted and Mr. J. E. Whittaker was called for and responded in a short speech accepting the nomination and promising to do all in his power to secure his election.

There being no other business before the convention it adjourned.

NOTES.

Col. Love still has hopes for Butler county.

Zebulon Shultz was there shaking the hands of the voter.

Total crowd present, including the Republican on-lookers, forty-one.

Ohio County Delegates promised Mr. Whittaker three hundred majority.??

Judge Yost for Muhlenburg would promise no majority, as he could not tell what it would do.

Mr. R. P. Hocker spoke from experience an said there was no great certainty of Democratic success in this District.

Mr. Whittaker promises if elected to guard the interests of Ohio, Butler and Edmondson counties, Muhlenburg was not "in it."

No Committee on Credentials was necessary, as Judge Yost suggested that all present were good Democrats and intimated that he only wished that there were more of them in this District.

Pay Up!

The teachers who subscribed to the fund to be expended in the purchase of a Webster's International Dictionary for the school having the best work in the Teachers Exhibit and who have not paid their subscriptions, are earnestly requested to remit to me at once, as the Dictionary has been ordered and will be here in a few days. The subscriptions were made at the Institute last year.

Hoping to have an early response, I am yours truly, JO. B. ROGERS, County Superintendent.

—TO— DRESS WELL

Is more the result of good judgment and taste than the mere lavish use of money.

OUR New Stock of Fall Dress Goods is adapted to fill the wants of those who have slender income still desire to make their appearance creditable.

Our experience and close relation with the manufacturers enable us to present this season a line of DRESS GOODS unapproachable in Style, Quality and Price.

OUR Clothing and Overcoats are the best that the market will furnish. The finest line of Hats and Notions in Hartford. Also a complete line of Shoes, Furniture and Groceries. All kinds of Produce taken in exchange.

Yours for Trade,
CARSON & CO.

Come to Hartford

—TO SEE THE—



SPRING OPENING —OF—

C. L. Field's car of Buggies just from the Davis Carriage Company.

He will save you MONEY by Buying from HIM. Will sell you a Buggy, Harness, Lap Duster and Whip from \$60.00 up to \$75.00. The Davis Carriage Company has the reputation of building the best Buggy for the money of any Factory in Cincinnati.

So come and judge for yourself.

Here's Something



You Will Like.

We are manufacturers of Buggies, Carts Surries and Carriages, and deal directly with the consumer, thus saving him the per cent. usually paid to middle men. Our prices are reasonable, and we guarantee satisfaction.

Respectfully,
F. A. AMES & CO.

Owensboro, Ky.

WHISKEY and Optum Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. Address: H. H. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga. Office 104 1/2 Walnut St.

Attention Friends.
To avoid delay address all business letters and matter for publication to the REPUBLICAN, Hartford, Ky.

SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGES
The great practical Business Training Book-Keeping and Shorthand Colleges. They give a passport to business and success. Catalogue free. Snow Spencer, President, J. R. Fish, Sec'y. Address: Spencerian College at Louisville, Ky., Owensboro, Ky., or Evansville, Ind.

Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1893.

THE LITTLE BROWN WREN.

There's a little brown wren that has built its nest in the top of the elm tree. And she's scarcely as big as a big humbird. She has followed a house in the heart of a humbird. And made the walls tiny and made the floor tiny. With the down of the crow's foot, with the down of the crow's foot, with the down of the crow's foot. The earliest dwelling that ever was seen. This little brown wren has the brightest of eyes. And a foot of a very diminutive size. Her tail is as long as the tail of a ship. She's demure, though she walks with a hop and a skip. And her voice—but a flute were more fit than a horn. To tell of the voice of the little brown wren. One morning Sir Sparrow came sauntering by. And came to the wren's house an envious eye. With a strut of bravado and a toss of his head. "I'll put in my claim here," the bold fellow said. So straightway he mounted on impudent wing. And entered the door without pausing to ring. An instant—and swiftly that feathery knight. All tumbled and tumbled, in terror took flight. While there by the door on her favorite perch. As near as a lady just starting for church. With this song on her lips, "I'll not call again. Unless he is asked," sat the little brown wren. —Clinton Scollard in Harper's Young People.

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

Dick and I had quarreled and parted. I cannot tell you how it all began, or why it ended in this serious fashion, but I can assure you I felt very miserable as I saw him striding away over the fields, although I had told him to go himself. Still I never thought he would have taken me at my word. "What shall I say to Aunt Maria?" I thought as I turned my steps homeward. This was a very serious reflection in deed, for it had been the dream of Aunt Maria's existence to see me united to Dick Johnson, the handsome only son of our wealthy neighbor, Sir Henry. Dick and I had played together as children, danced together, flirted together, and finally fell in love with each other. We were to have been married in a month, and now I had sent him away and told him I never wished to see him again.

"What was to be done—and, oh dear! what should I say to Aunt Maria? There was no help for it, however, but to go home and explain the situation to the best of my ability, and accordingly home I went.

Aunt Maria was in the drawing room, and I stole softly in and took up a book, hoping that she would not notice me. But she saw me directly and inquired: "Where has Dick?"

"He has gone home," I replied, trying to assume an unconcerned manner and failing most signally in the attempt. "Come home! Why! Did you not tell him I expected him to dinner?"

"Yes," I replied, with a smile. "I am quite well."

"We all three walked home together, and Dick dined with us that evening. Afterward, when I accompanied him into the hall to bid him good night, he asked as he held me in his arms, 'Tell me, Daisy, would you have been sorry if that fellow had killed me today?'

"Don't talk about it, dearest," I answered, with a shudder. "It would have broken my heart."

"Then you cannot live without me after all!" I leaned against his breast in silence, and he kissed me very tenderly.

"Yes," I burst forth. "I hate him, and I will never speak to him again!" Then I began to weep copiously.

"If you're going to howl," said Aunt Maria, with bitter irony, "you had better leave the room. I shall require a full explanation tomorrow from both you and Mr. Johnson."

I fled up stairs and did not appear again that evening. I passed a wretched night and had a fearful scene with Aunt Maria the next morning. She stormed and expostulated, but I remained firm in my resolve to return Dick's ring and presents that very day.

Accordingly I spent a couple of hours in crying over them and packing them up.

After luncheon Aunt Maria announced her intention of visiting some penurious old lady in a village about three miles distant, and ordered me to accompany her, which I prepared to do with a very bad grace, I fear. We walked for about half an hour without exchanging a word, and a more thoroughly ill-tempered pair of pedestrians could hardly have been found anywhere.

Our way led through some fields, and on reaching the first gate I noticed a man leaning against it. As we came up he opened it for us, and we politely raised his hat. He looked like a gentleman, and was dressed in a well-fitting suit of blue serge. I saw that he was a stranger and wondered where he came from, as strangers were rare in our secluded part of the world.

A little way farther on I looked back and observed that he was following us. He overtook us before we reached the next gate, passed us and opened this one also, again lifting his hat as we went by.

I thought this rather odd, but having resolved not to speak to Aunt Maria until she addressed me I held my peace.

At the third gate the same performance was repeated, but this time the stranger did not fall behind. He walked to Aunt Maria's side and asked, "May I offer you my arm?"

"Certainly not, sir," was the indignant rejoinder. "I have not the honor of your acquaintance, nor do I desire it."

"At least you will permit me to carry your umbrella," continued the stranger unabashed. Aunt Maria merely smiled, and clutching her umbrella more firmly, marched on in unimpaired pace.

"Is there no little service you will allow me to render you," pursued our unwelcome companion in tragic tones. "Go away, sir!" said my aunt furiously. "You are not my servant."

"We do not wish for your company," your having spoken to us at all is a piece of the most unwarrantable impertinence."

"Do not drive me from you," was the reply. "I love you. I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. You are the only woman I have ever loved."

And with these words this most extraordinary individual threw himself on his knees right in Aunt Maria's path. At this point a light broke in upon me. There was a large private lunatic asylum in the neighborhood. This must surely be one of the patients who had eluded the vigilance of his keepers and escaped.

"He's mad," I whispered to Aunt Maria. "For goodness' sake humor him or he will murder us both. I have always heard they must be humored."

Aunt Maria, however, paid no attention, and I almost doubt if she even heard me. "Let me pass, this instant, sir," she gasped, crimson with wrath. "Never! never! till you promise to be mine."

At this point, I regret to say, my aunt lost her temper, or altogether, and raising

her umbrella she brought it down on her auditor's head with such force that she quite crushed in the top of the lunatic's skull. For a moment he seemed petrified with astonishment. Then he sprang to his feet, and seizing Aunt Maria in his arms lifted her bodily from the ground and carried her along the path. She struggled violently, and I followed, screaming for help.

The lunatic strode on until he reached the gate which led into a field, on one side of which ran a rather high stone wall. Upon the top of this wall he placed my unfortunate aunt, and then stood and calmly surveyed her.

"Take me down! Let me go!" she shrieked. "Not till I have your promise to marry me," replied the lunatic. "I am quite prepared to remain here until tomorrow morning if need be," he added, with great coolness.

"Oh, aunt, do say 'Yes,'" I implored, but at this our persecutor turned upon me. "Will you have the goodness not to interfere?" he said, so fiercely that I was terrified and shrank back.

For about ten minutes Aunt Maria sat on that wall and raved. Then she burst into tears. At this juncture I perceived a man's figure in the distance. Was he coming this way? Oh, joy, he was! As he drew nearer I saw to my unfeigned delight and dismay that it was Dick, and seeing that the lunatic had his back to me I ran to meet him.

"Oh, Dick," I shouted as I came up to him, "we have been so terribly frightened by a madman! He has put Aunt Maria on the wall and says she can't get down until she promises to marry him. Do come and save her!"

Dick ran quickly to the spot, and the lunatic turned and faced him. "You rascal!" cried Dick. "Stand back and let me take that lady off the wall!"

"You shall not touch her," said the lunatic fiercely. Dick took him by the coat collar and flung him aside with such force that he stumbled and fell. The next instant Dick had lifted Aunt Maria safely to the ground. He had scarcely done so when the madman leaped upon him, and a terrific struggle followed. Suddenly I saw the lunatic place his hand on the breast of his coat, and the next instant there was a flash of steel. He had drawn a knife.

"Oh, Dick!—oh, my darling!" I screamed. "He will kill you!"

In that moment I forgot our quarrel. I forgot everything except that I loved him better than anything in the world, and that he was in peril of his life, and rushing forward I grasped the madman's arm and hung on to it with all my weight. Aunt Maria screamed lustily for help, and as I spun round with the combatant I caught sight of two men running across the field.

Aid was near, so I clinched my teeth and held on like grim death. In a few seconds it seemed like an eternity to me—(as men were on the spot, and after a brief struggle the lunatic was secured and disarmed by the two keepers, who had been searching for him all day. As for me, the danger being over, I promptly fainted away. When I came to myself, Dick was kneeling beside me, supporting me in his arms.

"Are you all right?" he asked anxiously. "Yes," I replied, with a smile. "I am quite well."

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A little way farther on I looked back and observed that he was following us. He overtook us before we reached the next gate, passed us and opened this one also, again lifting his hat as we went by.

I thought this rather odd, but having resolved not to speak to Aunt Maria until she addressed me I held my peace.

At the third gate the same performance was repeated, but this time the stranger did not fall behind. He walked to Aunt Maria's side and asked, "May I offer you my arm?"

"Certainly not, sir," was the indignant rejoinder. "I have not the honor of your acquaintance, nor do I desire it."

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And with these words this most extraordinary individual threw himself on his knees right in Aunt Maria's path. At this point a light broke in upon me. There was a large private lunatic asylum in the neighborhood. This must surely be one of the patients who had eluded the vigilance of his keepers and escaped.

"He's mad," I whispered to Aunt Maria. "For goodness' sake humor him or he will murder us both. I have always heard they must be humored."

Aunt Maria, however, paid no attention, and I almost doubt if she even heard me. "Let me pass, this instant, sir," she gasped, crimson with wrath. "Never! never! till you promise to be mine."

At this point, I regret to say, my aunt lost her temper, or altogether, and raising

her umbrella she brought it down on her auditor's head with such force that she quite crushed in the top of the lunatic's skull. For a moment he seemed petrified with astonishment. Then he sprang to his feet, and seizing Aunt Maria in his arms lifted her bodily from the ground and carried her along the path. She struggled violently, and I followed, screaming for help.

The lunatic strode on until he reached the gate which led into a field, on one side of which ran a rather high stone wall. Upon the top of this wall he placed my unfortunate aunt, and then stood and calmly surveyed her.

"Take me down! Let me go!" she shrieked. "Not till I have your promise to marry me," replied the lunatic. "I am quite prepared to remain here until tomorrow morning if need be," he added, with great coolness.

"Oh, aunt, do say 'Yes,'" I implored, but at this our persecutor turned upon me. "Will you have the goodness not to interfere?" he said, so fiercely that I was terrified and shrank back.

For about ten minutes Aunt Maria sat on that wall and raved. Then she burst into tears. At this juncture I perceived a man's figure in the distance. Was he coming this way? Oh, joy, he was! As he drew nearer I saw to my unfeigned delight and dismay that it was Dick, and seeing that the lunatic had his back to me I ran to meet him.

"Oh, Dick," I shouted as I came up to him, "we have been so terribly frightened by a madman! He has put Aunt Maria on the wall and says she can't get down until she promises to marry him. Do come and save her!"

Dick ran quickly to the spot, and the lunatic turned and faced him. "You rascal!" cried Dick. "Stand back and let me take that lady off the wall!"

"You shall not touch her," said the lunatic fiercely. Dick took him by the coat collar and flung him aside with such force that he stumbled and fell. The next instant Dick had lifted Aunt Maria safely to the ground. He had scarcely done so when the madman leaped upon him, and a terrific struggle followed. Suddenly I saw the lunatic place his hand on the breast of his coat, and the next instant there was a flash of steel. He had drawn a knife.

"Oh, Dick!—oh, my darling!" I screamed. "He will kill you!"

In that moment I forgot our quarrel. I forgot everything except that I loved him better than anything in the world, and that he was in peril of his life, and rushing forward I grasped the madman's arm and hung on to it with all my weight. Aunt Maria screamed lustily for help, and as I spun round with the combatant I caught sight of two men running across the field.

Aid was near, so I clinched my teeth and held on like grim death. In a few seconds it seemed like an eternity to me—(as men were on the spot, and after a brief struggle the lunatic was secured and disarmed by the two keepers, who had been searching for him all day. As for me, the danger being over, I promptly fainted away. When I came to myself, Dick was kneeling beside me, supporting me in his arms.

"Are you all right?" he asked anxiously. "Yes," I replied, with a smile. "I am quite well."

"We all three walked home together, and Dick dined with us that evening. Afterward, when I accompanied him into the hall to bid him good night, he asked as he held me in his arms, 'Tell me, Daisy, would you have been sorry if that fellow had killed me today?'

"Don't talk about it, dearest," I answered, with a shudder. "It would have broken my heart."

"Then you cannot live without me after all!" I leaned against his breast in silence, and he kissed me very tenderly.

"Yes," I burst forth. "I hate him, and I will never speak to him again!" Then I began to weep copiously.

"If you're going to howl," said Aunt Maria, with bitter irony, "you had better leave the room. I shall require a full explanation tomorrow from both you and Mr. Johnson."

I fled up stairs and did not appear again that evening. I passed a wretched night and had a fearful scene with Aunt Maria the next morning. She stormed and expostulated, but I remained firm in my resolve to return Dick's ring and presents that very day.

Accordingly I spent a couple of hours in crying over them and packing them up.

After luncheon Aunt Maria announced her intention of visiting some penurious old lady in a village about three miles distant, and ordered me to accompany her, which I prepared to do with a very bad grace, I fear. We walked for about half an hour without exchanging a word, and a more thoroughly ill-tempered pair of pedestrians could hardly have been found anywhere.

Our way led through some fields, and on reaching the first gate I noticed a man leaning against it. As we came up he opened it for us, and we politely raised his hat. He looked like a gentleman, and was dressed in a well-fitting suit of blue serge. I saw that he was a stranger and wondered where he came from, as strangers were rare in our secluded part of the world.

A little way farther on I looked back and observed that he was following us. He overtook us before we reached the next gate, passed us and opened this one also, again lifting his hat as we went by.

I thought this rather odd, but having resolved not to speak to Aunt Maria until she addressed me I held my peace.

At the third gate the same performance was repeated, but this time the stranger did not fall behind. He walked to Aunt Maria's side and asked, "May I offer you my arm?"

"Certainly not, sir," was the indignant rejoinder. "I have not the honor of your acquaintance, nor do I desire it."

"At least you will permit me to carry your umbrella," continued the stranger unabashed. Aunt Maria merely smiled, and clutching her umbrella more firmly, marched on in unimpaired pace.

"Is there no little service you will allow me to render you," pursued our unwelcome companion in tragic tones. "Go away, sir!" said my aunt furiously. "You are not my servant."

"We do not wish for your company," your having spoken to us at all is a piece of the most unwarrantable impertinence."

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